OUR PRESIDENT.

Monster Meeting Last Night at Cooper Institute.

DY JOHNSON AND THE PEOPLE.

Outpouring of the Masses for the Administrations

It was Big, Great, Immense, Prodigious!

Uncontrollable Outburst Popular Feeling.

BRILLIANT ARRAY OF GENERALS

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

Gen. Logan on Reconstruction, Repudiation and the Monroe Doctrine.

A strong body of police were stationed at the princi-pal entrances to the building in charge of the doors un-til the proper time for opening had arrived. For a brief season they kept their station unflinchingly, as they ever do in the execution of their sterner duties; but here they were confronted with a mass of their fellow citizens bent on a duty so consonant with their own—a desire to do homage to the savior of the republic and the preserver of its institutions through the fiery ordeal of battle—that they could not resist the pressure brought to bear upon them. In this dilemma, between maintaining their post or giving way incontinently, they had the good sense to open the doors in advance, and then fall-ing back with honor they left the way clear.

early application for admission; for the laggards who imagined they possessed this talismanic sesame, and were, consequently, secure of an entrance, found on their arrival all their expostulations and efforts to this

rush of Union troops upon the foe, the immense throng poured into the building, filling it in every part almost with the rapidity of magic. The calling and shouting and with the rapidity of magic. The calling and shouting and the tramp of feet were momentarily deafening. In with the throng, turned and twisted but righting themselves again and again, dashing forward with the foremost, were to be seen numbers of the fairer sex, anxious to behold the conqueror of Richmond and Petersburg—the victor of Lee—the champion of the day. No spot within the vast hall was left vacant. The jam and the crush, the heat and the dust would be to an uninterested observer intolerable, insufferable; but to those present there was no thought of backing out—no thought of discomfort or suffering; it was an unconditional tribute of homage at all cost and at all hazards to "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. In an incredibly short space of time the building was jammed to its utraject capacity, and the doors had to be closed, admitzance being imprasticable, and serious accidents mus 4 have arisen from the violent crush of the crowds outside who filled the doorways and vestibules, and sy ayed forward by the pressure of those still further bohind. After the first uproar and commonison consequent upon the rush for seats, cheers for Grant rose from the threats of the insiders, while ar swering cheers were heard from the outside, where the geamds remained in the hope of seeing the General, as, he entered or left the building.

A SCENE.

At one moment considerable ap gealerston was excited.

Gettysburg, Rapidan, Potomac Lines.

Dashing from field to field with lightning speed,
The robel leaders fly before the lines of Meade.

General WIMORE—I'll leave that to the band. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. OLIVER, who before strove to address the assemblage, again stood forward with like intent, but the band instantly taking the cue from some interested quarter, again struck up as he opened his mouth, and again compelled the gentleman to close the same before he had made any headway. This coincidence caused much merriment all round.

After the band ceased, calls for General Grant broke out with redoubled vigor, after which

Mr. Joseph Hoxis was put forward to entertain the impatient assemblage till the arrival of the anxiously expected here of the evening.

During Mr. Hoxie's remarks the more jolly spouts in the meeting caused many interruptions by creating a series of false alarms which started every one to their feet, which stopped Mr. Hoxie, and set the band going. Cries of "There he is," and loud cheers for Grant were frequent, and the mistakes they created on the part of the speaker and the musicians, and the excitement created on all hands caused a great deal of uproarious merriment.

A Voice—"Where's the Gineral?"

Mr. Wernore—"He's coming." (Cheers.)

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ANOTHER, in reply—"Och, he's sick; send for McManus." (Uproarious laughter and great cheering.)

At last the meeting was organized, the president and several of those engaged to take part in the proceedings having, after a long protracted effort, and with the aid of a number of policemen, succeeded in reaching the platform. The meeting was being addressed by Mr. Dickinson, when, at about quarter to nine o'clock, more stentorian cheers than had yet issued from the throats of the assemblage announced the

Arrival. Of, feneral. Grant.

Through the closely packed crowd on the platform he

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ARRIVAL OF, HENERAL GRANT.

Through the closely packed crowd on the platform he with difficulty made his way to the front to behold a scene unparrallelled in the history of the Cooper Institute, and one which he will not likely soon forget, considering that he was the recipient of that sincere and spontaneous ovation. The whole assemblage stood up as he came full into view, and every head uncovered. Hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air, and men and women—all that immense throng—burst into cheers of delight—strong, hearty and telling cheers—conveying to his heart the conviction that his noble deeds and services are valued and appreciated by the citizens of New York. These cheers were long sustained, fresh "higors" setting them going anew from time to time. To all this demonstration the General kept smiling, with an occasional bow whenever fresh energy was added to the cheers. In the midst of it all a rush was made by those on the platform to shake him by the hand, which was initiated by those near the front of the platform, and for a time there was great danger of accidents. One of the permanently fixed tables, used by the reporters was broken from its iron supports, and several ladies got a severe crushing in their endeavors to grasp the General's hand. He passed from side to side of the platform, accommodating all he could reach with a shake and a smile, the great body of the assemblage cheering lustily all the time, while the band played the "Conquering Hero," and other airs. The General made no speech, and remained but a few moments on the platform.

Mr. G. P. Branvoson, Chairman of the Executive Conmittee, then came forward and said:—"I nominate for your presiding officer this evening a representative of the commercial community of the city—a citizen who is well known to us all as one of the most prominent merchants of New York. His name is Moses H. Grinnell. All in favor of his nomination will say 'Aye.' (The ayes were loud

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